

Secrets From The Fallout Shelter

Chapter -7-

1974

As glitter glam bifurcated into two distinct camps I stood as a glistening turd shining in the sunlight. On the one hand stood the commercial interests of bands like **Sweet, Kiss, Gary Glitter**, and **Slade**. And on the other side was the art student insurgency of **Bowie, Mott The Hoople, T-Rex** and **Roxy Music**. To make matters worse I was no longer being pursued by a hoard beautiful females, Nor was I able to maintain the musical vogue of my Greyship days. Lucifer had fallen from heaven and landed on earth. Bummer. Greyship had been replaced by a whole new crop of talented cowtown players like **Hard Sauce** (Jamie Lyons), **Law** and a little later on the **Godz** (Eric Moore). **Law** was an American rock band, originating from Ohio, that was active throughout the 1970s. The band is particularly notable for its support by **Roger Daltrey** of **The Who**. All of them wrote their own songs. As I melted back into obscurity I became more interested in the recording process. **Emitt Rhodes** was the role model I had latched on to. But how to get there was problematic. When January 1974 rolled around I began to work construction in order to meet my legal obligation. It was then that I secured my 1st quarter inch Panasonic reel to reel deck. As I began to experiment in my mother's basement on 1st ave I got nowhere with the process. So I then decided that maybe my fortunes lay in London or Nashville. At the time *"Do-It-Yourself"* technology did not exist. So I went out and got a US passport. I had decided that England was where my fortune lay. My mother totally opposed this. So after awhile I gave up and was engulfed by waves of depression. I needed to defeat my inter-loser-image but joining the army like Jimi Hendrix did, just to escape your social status was insane.

On the bright side **Eno** had just come out with the **"Here Come The Warm Jets"** LP. Not only this but **Bob Dylan** and the **Band** started their 1st tour since 1966. So, inspired once again, I made the rounds at all the local music stores and put ads up. I've always had a fondness for tasty minimalist guitarists like **Mick Ronson, Paul Kossoff, Malcolm** and **Angus Young** plus **Peter Townsend**. What I failed to understand at that point was *"it is all about the song writing stupid,"* and of course I had no studio experience or songs. I was a total blank in those departments. Jim Jenkins and Dan White had been light years ahead of me in songcraft development. Still the idea of becoming like **Emitt Rhodes** had lodged deeply into my psyche. I instinctively knew this was the way I was headed in life. I just didn't know how to get there or how to do it. Back in 1974 the pop capitals were New York, London and LA. Yet something kept pushing me on. Much later, when I had moved to Nashville I discovered that that "something" had been my "muse". It was the impulse to create and I needed to explore it.

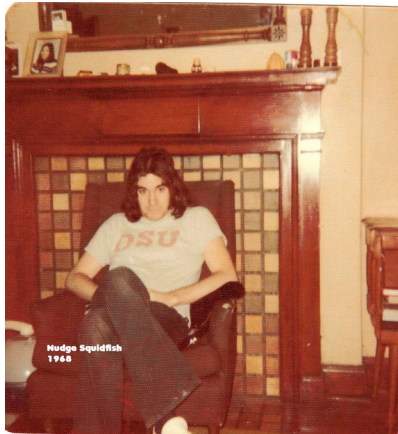
In January of 1974 **JB** had got me a bricklayer's job with Valentine Brothers

construction company. It was backbreaking work in extremely cold weather. On paydays the bosses would take us to the bar and get us drunk in hopes of winning our wages playing them in pool. After a month I had had enough. Then **JB** turned me on to **Barb** who had an apartment on campus with this girl named **Darcy**. Next thing I know me and Joe were getting laid. This helped my ego a lot! At least somebody still wanted to sleep with me. I wasn't a complete lost cause. There was still hope. During the last few months of Greyship I had been courted by quite a few girls, that included one *Kathy Krauss*. She was another one of those Bexley girls who tried to push their way into my life. But Kathy was different. She would not accept "no" as an answer. She would insult me to get my attention away from the other girls then try to ingratiate herself into my affections. I guess it was just the way she handled the competition. I tried to get her banned from entering the Greyship house but somehow she always managed to worm her way her in. I could never figure out how she hustled John. John & Tom were the leaders who doled out the paycheck so I had to go along and put up with her annoying presence.

In the meantime **Darcy** had developed a thing for cheap cherry vodka. She would get liquored up and want to have sex. Seems like we always drank that shit before we had sex. I wasn't a big fan. Not the best way to build up a relationship. But hey, we were only 21. Both of us were young, dumb and full of cum. However, on the weekends I would crash at moms. It gave me a much needed break from all of Darcy's bullshit. After a while Darcy made it clear to me that she wanted much more. WTF? That was the last thing I wanted. I could barely pay for Tracy, so a new family with Darcy was not my thing. She never came out and said it. But that's what she wanted out of life. I had zero education and I really did not want to go back into printing because it burns my skin. Darcy and Kathy were very hostile towards each other. Both tried to warn me about other. But I just blew it off to jealousy. Also, Darcy was up in my business about Tracy and my duty as a father. WTF? I was paying through the courts. Then came a point, once again, where I wanted nothing to do with Kathy. But she was a master at manipulation and entanglement. Darcy and I were no match for her machinations. Kathy always found a way to drive Darcy off. Or at least beat her to the punch. Neither was the type of person I wanted to be with. But I was lucky just to have anyone at all. I really began to regret dumping Andy but it was too late. She had hooked up with some guy named Grant. She was happy. I had totally blown it with her for music.

At one point Darcy started hitting below the belt and out of frustration I kicked over her coffee table and split. When I got to my mom's the cops were waiting and took me straight to jail. I never touched her at all but they treated me as a woman beater. Lucky for me she failed to appear in court next morning and the judge dropped the charges. Ok, I've been here before and it was a wake up call that **Darcy** was "trouble". After that her mother told her to come home for the weekend so she could meet me. But it was more like an inspection. Darcy was from an Italian family in Steubenville Ohio. Back then Steubenville Ohio was engulfed in a thick

smog from the steel plants. It was hard to breath. Those mills were hell holes. Her brother had worked his way up the ranks and had become a chief technician. He wanted to kick my ass over the coffee table but Darcy and her mom talked him out of it. Thank god. Next thing I know Darcy is showing me off to all her high school friends. When we got back to Columbus she tells me she had caught the “clap” and that we both needed to get treated. WTF? If I had known that beforehand I would have run away. I am pretty sure Darcy (the devil girl) had picked it up before she met me bar hopping with her roommate. Still waters run deep Squidly. I had to roll with it but I was so embarrassed. I had done the clap a few times before with Greyship along with John and Lynn. So I felt so stupid I had not learned my lesson. To be safe I had to tell Kathy that she probably needed to see her doctor too. Boy, that was big fun! I don’t think it was a hit with Kathy’s parents either.



By february of 1974 I was still doing construction work with JB off and on. Then one rainy day I came home early from work. My sister and her boyfriend Mark Robee were upstairs stoned on quaaludes. They had been talking trash to the Ohio Bell phone operator. So the operator gets pissed off and calls the Columbus cops. Next thing I know 5 cops rush through the door and head up the stairs towards the bedroom. Lucky for me because there was a bag of quaaludes on the mantle. I quickly grab them on the down low and stuff them into my work outfit. When they came down I informed them that I had just come home from work. I

was all muddy and shit, so they assumed I was telling them the truth. They arrested us and put us in the car. Then they rolled the backseat window down for us. Fatal mistake. When they went back to search the house I would pitch a few quaaludes at a time out the window. Next they parked the car at the station and left us unattend for a few minutes. So I was able to dispose of more quaaludes without the cops noticing. Inside the station I had ask to use the restroom and again the cops left me alone in the toilet. So I flushed the rest down the drain. I then told my sister and her boyfriend not to talk to the cops. I told sis to tell mom to hire a lawyer. This saved all our bacons. But it ended up with me having to spend the weekend in jail. Because my sister and her boyfriend were both under age I got booked with 2 misdemeanors and had to serve a 3 months probation for contributing to the delinquency of minors. It was a bum rap. I had only been home for 30 seconds or so. I had no idea what was going on. But I had pulled a lot of shit myself and karma’s a bitch. What you put out to the universe eventually returns to you 7 fold. I had avoided justice so many times before it seemed fit that injustice should snare me now. It was another one of those wake up calls and I quit doing quaaludes for good as a result. Ironically I think, Mark Robee became an attorney later in life.

Fast forward a few weeks later; in March of 1974, Darcy called from Steubenville

Ohio and asked me to come and get her. So being the dutiful boyfriend I headed out. *"Here I come to save the day!"* Along the way I got caught in an unmarked speed trap near the Steubenville city limits. *"Fucking Great! What's in your wallet Squid?"* So the sheriff with huge motherfucking gleaming dollar signs in his eyes took me to his cockroach infested slammer for tea and cucumber sandwiches. I am thinking, "Dear god please don't let me get "corndogged " by some horny lowlife inbred inmate!" Luckily I was able to call Darcy and the next thing I know all charges were dropped. WTF? As I walked out of the stinky ass slammer Darcy was waiting. It seems the sheriff was part of her family and her mom pulled some serious strings for old Squidly. I was in shock. It was time for this loser to beat feet. It all kind of set off alarm bells in my head. "Maybe her clan was thinking I was going to work in a steel mill for her brother after we got hitched??" Fuck that noise! After the clap episode I should have put Darcy into the wind. But being the tremendous rectum I was, I kept my faith up that our relationship was well worth it. On the bright side, against all this insanity the **Ohio Players** had just released their **"Skin Tight"** LP. Moreover, **"Meet The Residents"** their 1st LP, reared its ugly head. They left a lot of perplexed kids in their wake. I could feel a new spirit in music rolling in. But first things first. I needed to stabilize my survival in this obnoxious capitalistic society called Columbus Ohio.

Then the shit hit the fan. Darcy lost her job at the blood bank and could no longer afford her apartment. I decided that I didn't want the steel mill security she was offering me. What I wanted was to be a full time rock n' roll musician. That is why I was working part time in construction with JB. I was hoping to make a living off of doing gigs like I had done with Greyship. The chaos was swirling around my life again just like it had done a million times before. Darcy asked to use my car for her move back to Steubenville and I felt obligated to help her. Unfortunately, she didn't know what the "oil light" meant and blew the fucker up in between Columbus and Steubenville. So now I didn't have a car, a job or girlfriend. That put the nail in the coffin for us. But looking back I consider it a blessing that I didn't end up with her! So Darcy moved back to Steubenville for good and took back up with her high school boyfriend named Ed. I wasn't aware of Ed existence at the time. But before the year was over Ed and Darcy got married.

As the avant-garde glam began to morph into **Andy Warhol's** Pop Art movement, I was thunderstruck by the notion of "weird pop music". It was a paradoxical notion. Familiar but strange; it pushes you away with newness while it pulls you in with tradition. Actually both **Jim Shepard** and **Brian Eno** were exploring this same approach independently at the time. With **Eno**, who wasn't a musician at the time, Eno used technology to build his tool kit around the music. But with **Jim Shepard** who was an accomplished musician and poet; the tool kit was guitar and poetry. For me it was just a notion that sank deeply into my subconscious. Then one day I got a call from **Don Bentley**, who was Dewey Campbell's cousin. He ask me to come out to Groveport Ohio and try out for lead guitar. So I did and found out from them that



Greyship had just hired away their lead guitar. John and Lynn along with Bob Sturgill, plus the old **Zap** guitarist were trying to revive the **Greyship** brand. The fact of the situation was that Don played rhythm but had no songs. Nor did he or I have any pipes to speak of at the time. Both of us were terrible singers. Moreover, Don was a huge Kiss fan. I hated Kiss. That should have waved me off but I was desperate to get a band going. So he introduced me to the rest of the Band: **Paul Tresspass**/drums and **Mike Zooavich**/bass. They

wanted to do glitter glam and focus on writing original songs. It was a dream come true. I was determined to milk it. They had rented a storage space in the middle of farm country. So it was off to the races for the squid unit. I was using a Les Paul, a Fender Strat, a Sound City 200 watt stack, a Dallas Arbiter Sound fuzz, along with an Echoplex and an MXR 90 phase shifter. What I was



looking for was controlled feedback. This rig came very close. The month before, in January of 1974 I had recorded "**A Lovers Song**" and "**Kathy**" in my mom's basement on 1st ave. They were my first feeble attempt at song writing. Both songs were terrible. But at least I was moving in the right direction. When I got the gig with **ZAP** in February 1974 I got to work and wrote "**Free**", "**People**" and "**Getting Out Of Hand**" for the band. The seeds of "**Getting Out Of Hand**" had been a rough draft. I had been trying to develop it with

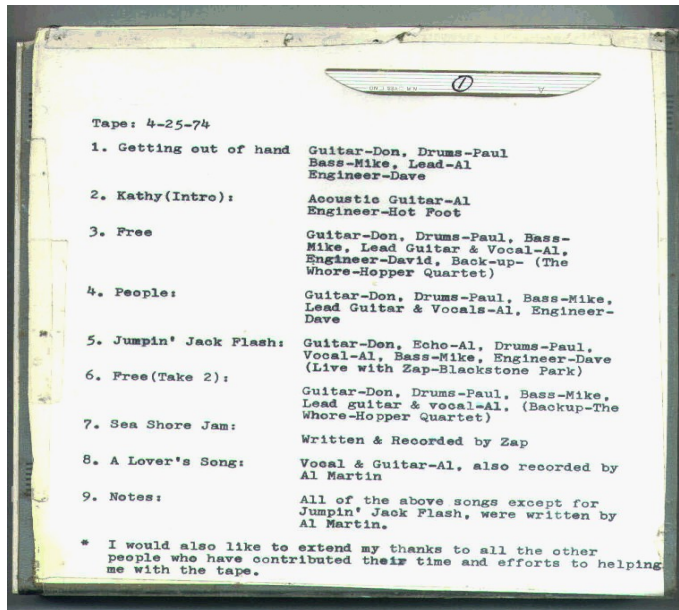
Greyship a few months before they kicked me out. On April 25th 1974 **ZAP** recorded my songs using my panasonic reel to reel. Unfortunately, none of it was 45 quality. However it did show me the way in terms of engineering. So now I was transitioning from sideman to frontman. It was a humble beginning that was to turn into a lifetime journey. I had taken my first step.

Then Kathy invited me to move into her Grandview apartment. It was the perfect escape from all the trailer thrash running around my mother's 1st Ave apartment. I was only there a few weeks. But I sensed something wasn't right immediately. She had just bought a new Tan VW bug and was willing to haul my ass to and from work. I thought I had turned a corner with my cash flow. Boy was I in for a wake up call. She had forgiven me for choosing Darcy over her. But then came an omen. It was **Bill Wyman's "Monkey Grip"** LP release which was to become a personal metaphor for the next big explosion in my life. I didn't find out until after the abortion that the child wasn't mine. All I knew was that Kathy's parents were paying for it. Thank God. I was so broke. I just assumed the kid was mine. I felt so guilty and ashamed. I had gotten her pregnant or so it appeared. All I could think was I did it to Vicky and how I did it to Kathy. I was a very terrible person. But then I found out she had gotten pregnant by her high school lover long before I had even

thought about moving in; all I could think was she wanted me to raise somebody's else child without informing me. So once the cat was out of the bag I skedaddled from the treachery. Once again I counted my blessings. A women making life easy for you was a seductive bait and switch. I should have refused. But I did the crime and needed to pull the time. That is when I understood that I didn't ever want to see her again! I had escaped the jaws of death twice! I just needed to get my shit together cash wise then find a band. But it wasn't in the cards. Kathy was a force of nature back then. You don't fuck with mother nature!



ZAP played its first show in March of 1974 at this house party in Obetz Ohio. The



show was fun and a large crowd came out for the debut. Everybody got drunk and I had some platform shoes stolen out of the ready room after the show. Towards the end of March we played our 2nd gig at some outside park in Obetz for about a 150 kids. Don had been really going on about **The New York Dolls** and bought the band tickets to their upcoming show at Vets. The show was getting heavy radio advertisement on WCOL and I was looking forward to seeing them live. The New York Dolls were an American hard rock band formed in New York City in 1971. Along with the **Velvet Underground** and the

Stooges, they were one of the first bands of the early punk rock scene. The gig was in support of their **"Too Much Too Soon"** LP. The line-up at this time comprised vocalist **David Johansen**, guitarist **Johnny Thunders**, bassist **Arthur Kane**, guitarist and pianist **Sylvain Sylvain** and drummer **Jerry Nolan**. When the day of the big show arrived we were shocked to discover that the 4 of us were the only ones in the auditorium.



Management was very pissed and left the house lights on during the whole performance. But the Dolls delivered a phenomenal show with David Johansen, and guitarist Johnny Thunders, shooting champagne corks up into the balcony of Veterans Memorial. The band must have consumed about 10 champagne bottles on stage during the show. Because we were the only people in the house Johansen urged us to sit dead center in the 1st row of seats. They wanted to see our faces for some reason. We were about 10 feet from the band and they blew us away. They treated the four of us like it was a packed house! Why they didn't cancel the show for a lack of ticket sales is beyond me. All I can say is that they were amazing and it was a shame that the concert was not filmed. Vets was so pissed off that they would not turn on the spotlights or stage lighting. But the house lighting created a private party environment and the band played with a vengeance in response to the

treatment they were receiving. That was my first experience with “the show must go on”. It was about the “music” and not the success or glory of show business which has sucked so many artists up into the black hole of corporate rock. I had heard that after their show the **Dolls** went to the Agora to see some top 40 band that really sucked.

As the end of July of 1974 strolled around **Zap** decided to take back their old guitarist. I thought everything was fine but they were rich kids who had all went to South High School together. I was an outsider who was from the “Fly Towne” ghetto. So they decided arbitrarily that I should go. By this time I was really hurting. No band, No wheels, No woman. To make matters worse I was scrambling to make child support payments. I was struggling to keep off the streets. If I could just secure the income I could start a new band.



By the Mid August of 1974 I ended up moving in with **Stik Hoffman** and **Tony Jackson** out in the country on the westside of Columbus Ohio. Cherry Creek was a new build 16 apartment complex surrounded by farmland on all sides. At that point we tried to start a band. But on weekends it was “*Heels To Jesus Time*” for us boys with a lot of hot West High School girls. Stik had a never ending supply of ‘*bufu*” and the situation reminded me of my Greyship days. The 3 of us were in “*Jack The Lad*” mode big time. After a few weeks job surfing with Stik I had saved up enough cash for another car loan. I bought a worn out ford 4

door station wagon. It would be great for doing gigs. As luck would have it, my cousin had gotten me a job at a machine shop in Westerville so I commuted 45 minutes each way. By this time *Beanie*, TJ’s girlfriend, was in her 2nd year at Ohio State. She was hot, smart and rich. I don’t think she knew TJ was messing around with outside women. She would spend the night with him every week or so. Stik had also settled on this girl named *Amy* who was from Hilliard High. Both *Beanie* and *Amy* were drop dead gorgeous and wealthy out the ass. But when Stik found out that Amy was sleeping around behind his back he went Nazi on her. Both were sleeping with other lovers in an attempt to make each other jealous. I didn’t make any waves because both Amy and Beanie always brought a high school friend for Squidly to hang with. Besides, it was none of my business. I like that gravy train. But it was fucking crazy. In the end poor Amy lost that war. Old Stik never forgave her even after she declared her undying “love” for him. He often told me that he made that bitch pay for her infidelity. This went on until November of 1974 when I moved back to moms. After that Sik and Amy went off and on for about 10 years.

One day my sister dropped by after school with her girlfriend called Elaine. They both were seniors at Bishop Hartley High School. Elaine had a crush on me from my

Greyship days. She was 18 and back then the legal age of consent was 21. When my sister took me to the side and said "I bet you can't fuck her" I took up the challenge. I had a pint of vodka and offered Elaine a nip. She grabbed it and drank the whole bottle down in one guzzeling swig then grabs my hand and pulls me into the bedroom. WTF? Next thing I know this flowering rose is humping my brains out. TJ and I shared a bedroom and they had no where else to go. After a while TJ and Beanie come in and lay down on the floor and show us how black folks shake the bufu. Then Elaine passes out while we are having sex. It made me feel like a rapist so I stopped and tried to make her comfortable while she slept it off. I wasn't as drunk as Elaine. So I look over and TJ and Beanie are getting dressed and laughing at us. I follow their lead and headed for the door feeling like a rapist. That is when I realized that sport fucking was total bullshit. I started to think about letting her pull me into the bedroom. Dumb move. I freak out because I could go to jail for having sex with 18th year old girl. I was a month away my 22th birthday. So I grab my shit and tried to leave but TJ and Stik are insisting I should wait until the morning until she wakes up. But I freaked and they agreed to look after Elaine as I ran out the door. I heard that the next morning when she awoke she knew she had sex with me but was wondering where I had gone? Va-va-varoom. I am chewing up the asphalt. That is not how it is supposed to work. I never heard the end of it from Stik and TJ. They would tease, *"Nudge took the putty and ran"*. After that I quit chasing women altogether. I had reached the bottom of my self esteem. I was looking for the kind of relationship that I had with Andy. I was painfully aware that I didn't have a clue about being in a relationship at that point in my life. TJ and Stik would try to introduce me to girls but I just wasn't into the sport fucking anymore. That's when the shit really hit the fan emotionally for me. "What am I doing with my life? I should be on the road playing gigs."

By August of 1974 Stik and I had landed a job at this fiberglass company. The work was hellish because the fiberglass would cut and burn your whole body. The money was great but everyday was total hell. After about a month we both walked off the job. Around this time Stik invited Kathy out to Cherry Creek. I never really understood why. He was aware of our history. I wasn't pleased but I could do nothing about it. They both plotted to hook me up with her without my knowledge. Over time she would give me money and sex in exchange for my approval. Stupid me I fell for the same old trap. After a while I just gave up trying to resist her. Gradually she was able to convince me that I should marry her. The social insecurity of my upbringing was killing me. She seemed to be my only shot at stability. Also It didn't help that Stik and TJ promoted the idea to me. She made life so easy for me that one day I just proposed out of the blue. I wasn't in love but the security she offer won me over. Later on that would change. Over time I grew to love her. I can relate to the notion of arranged marriages. I understand how that shit works.

She was quite willing to assume the mother-father role model I had lacked growing up. Besides, she had come from a strong family background and possessed the all

social knowledge that I lacked. But in the end it was smothering her emotionally. She succeeded in her quest. But a child-parent type of marriage foundation was doomed to fail. What she truly wanted was a rich man to take care of her. Not a child she would have to raise. That is what she got in the end. She didn't like it. However, I did benefit from the marriage at her expense. She taught me what a family meant.



I learned my social skill set from her. I owe her for that and the two beautiful children she bore. When Stik joined the union at Xerox running a forklift on 3rd shift I began to think about putting the music on hold for a while and get some education. That is when I began going back to night school to get my GED Diploma. I needed a stable Monday through Friday job where I could eventually play in a band on weekends. At the time the only real job I could do was printing but the chemicals always ended up causing me skin problems. If I had a diploma maybe I could get a government job. I knew one thing for sure, slinging burgers was a dead end. If I could get the child support and rent situations worked out maybe I could get some extra money doing gigs. That's what Phil Stokes and Eric Moore, who were high school friends of Stik were doing. They were rolling in the cash. Yet still in the back of my mind I wanted to write and record my own songs. I wanted a recording studio. I needed a recording studio in order to evolve.

In November of 1974 the music again began to morph into a new direction with **"Country Live"** LP by **Roxy Music** and the **"Autobahn"** LP by Kraftwerk. Also, the **Ohio Players** released their 3rd LP of the year called **"Fire"**. Those guys were on a roll that year. They were writing their asses off. So, I decided at 22 to move back to mom's and start back to school then get married to Kathy. The one thing I learned about life over the years is that there is no right or wrong choices. Fate and Karma are cruel taskmasters but benevolent benefactors for those who put others first in their life quests. I now see how our own actions are either executioner or savior. Man, that was a tough life lesson to master. So the only way forward for me was the tortuous path of unconditional love. Lucky me, chance and fate were in my favor. As the year closed out I began to think about building a 4 track home studio. At first Kathy agreed but later when her parents interfered she changed. It took 7 years of her life to figure out that she hated my musical dreams. Her and Vicky really didn't want me to be a musician. They wanted a banker or doctor. They wanted some knight in shining armor to support them. I wasn't that. I've always maintained that I'm not irresponsible, I'm a musician. But first I needed a diploma, a job, and then to learn how to write and record a song. It would take 11 years to get there. But I was determined and at first Kathy seemed to share my dream. Stay tuned folks, the plot thickens.